

Anecdotal.

How a Cross was Won.

The really brave man's story about his own deeds is always modest. Not infrequently he is unable to give any account of them which is satisfactory to his hearers. The reporters who "interviewed" soldiers wounded on San Juan hill had a hard time in getting "stories" from them. One such soldier said:

"There isn't a thing to tell. I only went up there with a lot of other clumps and got shot. I didn't even have sense enough to know it when I was shot."

Not long ago a French *chroniqueur*—Montmirail of the Paris *Gaulois*—encountered in a little village of the south of France, a gardener who wore, pinned on his clean Sunday blouse, the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. Naturally the newspaper man deigned to ask how he got it. The gardener, who, like many of his trade, seemed to be a silent man, was averse to meeting an old and wearisome demand, but finally he began:

"Oh, I don't know how I did it! I was at Bazailles with the rest of the battery. All the officers were killed; then down went all the non-commissioned officers. Bang! bang! bang! By and by all the soldiers went down but me. I had fired the last shot, and naturally was doing what I could to stand off the Bavarians."

"Well, a general came, and says he, 'Where's your officers?'"

"All down," says I.

"Where's your gunners?" says he.

"All down but me," says I.

"And you've been fighting here all alone?" says he.

"I couldn't tell 'em come and get the guns, could I?" I says; and then he up and put this ribbon on me, probably because there was nobody else there to put it on."

Amusing Coincidences in Church.

At Springbourne Wesleyan Chapel the preacher was in the middle of a description of the desolation prophesied by Isaiah, and had just got to the words, "We want more light," when darkness ensued, and some one suggested "Light," which caused an audible titter, and drew down a rebuke from the pulpit.

While a service was in progress in a chapel in Newport, the electric light suddenly went out. To prevent any movement to the doors, the minister gave out the hymn—

Plunged in a gulf of deep despair

We wretched sinners lay,

Without one cheerful beam of hope,

Or spark of glimmering day.

An English clergyman a few Sundays ago had a rude jolt given to his eloquence. He was telling how that a man, bent on destroying his fellows, had only to enter the lantern room of the lighthouse, and with a turn of his finger put out the lights, when in all probability a ship, with some of its crew, would go down before morning. In a moment, to the astonishment and alarm of the congregation, every light went out. Some said afterward that the preacher had done it for effect; others maintained that it was a miracle. But, as a matter of fact, water in the gas meter brought about the curious coincidence.

A somewhat similar incident happened in a Carlisle church. The light disappeared, leaving the congregation in total darkness, just as the officiating minister came to the words, "Lighten our darkness," etc. There was reason to believe, however, that this coincidence was not what Paley calls "undesigned," but that a boy was at the bottom of the mischief.

Some Sundays ago St. Peter's Church choir, Bourne-mouth, was unable to proceed with the singing of Gounod's anthem, "Send Out Thy Light," owing to the lights suddenly going out.

While a congregation in Glasgow was singing—

"I'd rather walk in the dark with God

Than go alone in the light,

the church light flickered, and darkness emphasized their words.—*Christian Budget*.

A Naval Solomon.

Captain McB., a credit to his race, says London *Spare Moments*, was once in command of a troop ship returning from India. On board he had as passengers three ladies, all wives of officers in Her Majesty's service.

Now it fell out that the cabin allotted to them was fitted up to accommodate four, and consequently it contained four wash basins, one of which was far larger than the other three.

For the right to use this particular basin each lady put forth her claim, citing her husband's position in the army. But the husbands, unfortunately, all proved to be of equal rank, so to settle the matter the trio boarded the captain in his cabin.

"We will leave it entirely to you, captain," they said, "and abide by your decision."

Captain McB., cogitated, and then declared solemnly, with the faintest twinkle in his gray eyes:

"Ladies, as it is no matter o' rank, I think it would be that the oldest among ye should have the heegest bowl."

With murmured thanks the ladies filed out again, but that basin was never used during the voyage.

Very Humane.

Doctor Gruby, a physician of Paris, was famous for his efforts to protect animals from cruelty. He went beyond those who are humane simply as far as four-footed creatures; he was logical enough to include insects in his mercy.

He was, however, a little nervous, and when one day, in his parlor, a big, blue fly buzzed uninterruptedly on a window pane, the doctor's patience became a little worn, and he called his man-servant.

"Do me the kindness," said the doctor, "to open the window and carefully put that fly outside."

"But, sir," said the servant, who thought of the drenching the room might get through an open casement, "it is raining hard outside!"

The doctor still thought of the fly, and not of his cushions.

"O, is it?" he exclaimed. "Then please put the little creature in the waiting-room, and let him stay there till the weather is fair!"

French Logic.

The reasoning processes of the French differ very widely in method and aspect from Anglo-Saxon habits of judgment. This was well illustrated in the recent Dreyfus trial; and now a story appears which affords a less serious and more amusing example of peculiarly French logic.

I was sitting one day in the Bois de Boulogne, says the narrator, when there was a tremendous disturbance just ahead of my carriage, and I saw two thoroughly angry tourists standing in the street rubbing their hands and denouncing somebody in language which presently proved them to be Americans. Two empty cabs were standing near, the drivers of which were hurling objurgations at each other.

My driver stopped to take his part in the excitement. I succeeded in getting him to go on after awhile, but not until he had found out what it was all about. I asked him what the trouble was.

"Why, you see, monsieur," he said, "Gaspard ran into Pierre's cab and scraped some of the paint from the wheel. Pierre was angry and swore at Gaspard, whereupon Gaspard said:

"If you don't keep still, I'll hit your customer on the head with my whip."

"Pierre replied:

"If you hit my customer, I'll hit your customer!"

"Then Gaspard hit Pierre's customer a rap on the head, and Pierre resented the insult by hitting Gaspard's customer as hard a blow as he could."

And it did not strike the assembled Frenchmen that this was anything else than a fair retaliation.

A Plucky Surgeon.

An army surgeon, in time of action, has an opportunity for calm heroism seldom equalled. He saves life while others are taking it, and thus his work is of a story under the fire of the enemy. A recent book, "The Malakand Field Force," gives a fine illustration of this, in telling the following story of a surgeon's heroism upon a hotly contested battle ground in India, last year.

"The British had, with great difficulty, repulsed an enemy overwhelmingly superior in numbers, and had withdrawn into their defences. The deadly hollow some distance in front of their lines, called the Cup, was commanded from several directions by the fire of the natives, and swept at intervals by their swordsmen."

"Lieutenant Ford had been seriously wounded in the shoulder. The bullet cut the artery, and he was bleeding to death, when Surgeon-Lieutenant V. Hugo came to his aid. The fire was too hot to allow of lights being used. There was no cover of any sort. It was at the bottom of the Cup. Nevertheless, the surgeon struck a match at the peril of his life and examined the wound. The match went out amid a sputter of bullets, which kicked up the dust all round, but by its uncertain light he saw the nature of the injury."

"The officer had already fainted from loss of blood. The doctor seized the artery, and as no other ligature was forthcoming, he remained under fire for three hours, holding a man's life between his finger and thumb. When at length it seemed that the enemy had broken into the camp he picked up the unconscious officer in his arms, and without relaxing his hold, bore him to a place of safety."

"For many hours after this feat—as remarkable for the strength displayed as for the heroism which inspired it—the gallant surgeon's arm was paralyzed and useless from the strain. Little wonder. Not every arm could carry another away, using one arm only, and with the other hand retaining a grasp, which had already lasted three hours, upon a severed artery."

"Had he not had the strength to do so, Lieutenant Ford must have died," is the way his commanding officer put it when he narrated the act in his despatches. In the same despatches, it is pleasant to know also that he had reason to commend the rescued as well as the rescuer, since but a day or so before he was himself wounded, Lieutenant Ford had brought off a wounded Sepoy under a terrible fire from the enemy."

"When I get utterly low-spirited," said the nervous man, "I find a spin on my wheel does me a world of good." "It is the exercise," said his friend. "I think not. I am so glad to get home alive that I feel good all the rest of the day."